

FLOODS FOIL BRITISH ATTACK ON THE TIGRIS

# The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

NOT A BITE—EXCEPT OF LUNCH: MR. LLOYD GEORGE GOES FISHING, BUT RETURNS WITH TWO EMPTY BASKETS.



Miss Megan Lloyd George standing beside her father, who is seen making a cast.



The party arrives. Miss Olwen Lloyd George acted as chauffeur, and is seen at the wheel.



Fixing the bait. Miss Megan Lloyd George and a girl friend helped.

Instead of playing golf, Mr. Lloyd George went fishing with his family in the River Dwyfor, at Criccieth, on Saturday. But his luck was right out, and, though he spent a very pleasant time, he did not hook a single fish. The honours of the day were



The Minister for Munitions ready to set out.

carried off by his brother, who landed two. Lunch was served on the bank of the river, and later in the day the Minister for Munitions forsook pleasure for business and paid a visit to a war factory.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



## DRASTIC STEPS TO KEEP SECRETS.

Penalty for Revealing Doings of Parliament and Cabinet.

### MR. LL. GEORGE'S MESSAGE

Drastic steps have been taken to secure not only the absolute secrecy of the sittings of both Houses of Parliament, which begin to-morrow, but of future Cabinet meetings.

An Order in Council authorising these steps was signed by the King at Windsor Castle on Saturday. The violation of the new regulations is made a punishable offence.

The order declares that if either House of Parliament, in pursuance of a resolution passed by that House, holds a secret session, it shall not be lawful for any person in any newspaper, periodical, circular, or other printed publication, or in any public speech, to publish any report of, or to purport to describe, or to refer to, the proceedings at such session, except such report thereof as may be officially communicated through the Directors of the Official Press Bureau.

The passage in the order referring to Cabinet meetings is as follows:—

"It shall not be lawful for any person in any newspaper, periodical, circular, or other printed publication, or in any public speech, to publish any report of, or to purport to describe, or to refer to, the proceedings at any meeting of the Cabinet, or without lawful authority to publish the contents of any confidential document belonging to, or any confidential information obtained from, any Government department, or any person in the service of his Majesty.

#### "HEEDLESS OF CONSEQUENCES."

The most interesting development in the political world yesterday was the publication of a message from Mr. Lloyd George, in reply to a personal attack on a Liberal newspaper.

To the editor of a Sunday paper the Munitions Minister sent the following telegram:—

Shall continue to do what I conceive to be my duty to the nation in its hour of sore trial, heedless of any personal attacks and personal consequences.—LLOYD GEORGE

### LABOUR WANTS TO KNOW.

Mr. Will Thorne, M.P., speaking at Canning Town last night, said that during the last week they had passed through a serious crisis in the history of the country.

He went on to say that the Government in the early part of the week had not shown how they were to obtain the men wanted for the Army, and the Labour Party was not prepared to give them any more power to extend the Military Service Act until they knew the actual situation and how many men were required to meet Lord Kitchener's demands.

As a result, the Labour Party suggested that a secret session should be held.

This suggestion had been accepted, and he would not be able to tell his electors what would take place.

If it were a question of whether he was going to part with Mr. Asquith or put in his position the "uncrowned King of Wales," then he was going to have nothing to do with Mr. Lloyd George, who was in favour of military and industrial compulsion.

### THE POLITICAL CRISIS.

The political crisis over the compulsion question, says the Central News, is in a fair way to creating another serious crisis, the extent of which cannot be apprehended until the close of the secret session of Parliament.

The criticism levelled at a certain prominent member of the Cabinet is declared, in well-informed quarters, to be the definite breaking away of Mr. Lloyd George from many of his old associations and conventions.

A good deal more, too, will be heard of the fact that certain sections of the Labour Party outside the House are already beginning to doubt the wisdom of holding a secret session of Parliament, unless they receive assurances that no parliamentary action will be taken until they have had an opportunity to consider their fellow trade unionists at a national congress.

There is no use blinking the fact, says the Central News, that Labour outside the House is very suspicious of the whole proceeding, and the official Labour Party in Parliament, which is associated with the proposal to hold a secret session, is beginning to fear that their desire to help the Government is being exploited. Their support of the Government is dependent upon the facts placed before them regarding the military situation, but even so their fear is that, no matter what information they may be in possession of, they will be unable to influence Labour generally for an extension of the Military Service Act.

The Labour Party in Parliament will not express any definite opinion, it is said, until they have consulted their members and even their constituencies.

### SPLIT IN SOCIALIST PARTY.

The annual conference of the British Socialist Party met under exceptional circumstances in Manchester yesterday.

The executive committee had recommended that the meeting should be held in camera. This proposal was strongly opposed by the pro-war section, but, nevertheless, it was carried by a majority of three to one. Upon this decision being announced about twenty of the pro-war delegates left in a body.

## BRITAIN'S MOST MEMORABLE EASTER DAY.

King Alfonso's Cabled Tribute to Memory of Shakespeare and Cervantes—Thronged Churches and Parade Pageant.

Easter Sunday was one of the brightest days of the year, and one of the most memorable, for apart from the solemn religious significance of the day Easter Sunday this year was:—

The generally accepted anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and the tercentenary of his death;

The tercentenary of that illustrious Spaniard, Miguel Cervantes, who wrote "Don Quixote," and invented the novel in its modern form;

St. George's Day;

Russia's Easter Day.

A Reuter Madrid message yesterday said that on the occasion of the 300th anniversary of the death of Shakespeare and Cervantes, the King of Spain addressed the following telegram to King George:

It is a source of legitimate pride for our race that your noble nation and Spain should at the same time be celebrating two immortal geniuses, and I send with my greetings and those of the Queen the expressions of the profound gratitude of myself and my country for the homage paid by Great Britain to Cervantes and the Spanish language.

### THEIR MAJESTIES' EASTER.

King George and Queen Mary attended Divine service in the private chapel at Windsor Castle yesterday morning.

Their Majesties were accompanied by Prince Albert, Princess Mary, Prince Henry and Prince George.

In the evening, the King and Queen, accompanied by Princess Mary and the young Princes, walked through the Castle grounds to St. George's Chapel and attended evensong. Special Easter hymns were sung.

Londoners were not slow to take advantage of the brilliant sunshine. At an early hour of the morning they were up and about, and overland motor-coaches were carrying crowds of jaded townsfolk away to Richmond or Epping Forest or Epsom, or the hundred and one other beauty spots that lie within easy reach of the metropolis.

The seaside, too, attracted its votaries, and the railway stations were thronged with prospective passengers to the towns on the east and south coasts.

Many people, however, preferred to spend the day in London. These wandered into the parks or made their annual pilgrimage to Hampstead Heath—that Mecca of the jaded Cockney.

### SMART DRESSES ON PARADE.

Parade in Hyde Park showed that many of the best-known and best-dressed women had not left town.

Distended skirts were the rule rather than the exception. They were almost without exception of stiff, shiny taffeta, ruffled many times round with rucked velvet ribbons.

Underneath tilted Fragonard hats the high knot hairdressing could be plainly seen behind. In the loose long ribbons without number, falling from the shepherdess hats and blowing

### PEACEFUL PRECAUTIONS.

Police Guard Trafalgar Square Against "Stop War" Meeting.

Although the "stop-the-war" meeting which was to have been held yesterday in Trafalgar Square had been prohibited because the police feared disturbances, the authorities took extraordinary precautions to prevent any possibility of a "stop-the-war" demonstration being held.

Soon after two o'clock large crowds of expectant people began to collect in Trafalgar Square, until at about three o'clock they numbered well over two thousand.

It was not really anticipated by the police that the demonstrators, after being warned by them



Crowd that waited.

that their meeting had been prohibited, would attempt to hold it, but they took no chance.

A large force of police were gathered in the square to maintain order in the event of trouble, and extra constables were on duty at every point. Nothing untoward occurred, however, and after waiting patiently for over three hours to see "some fun" the crowds dispersed and the military police were dismissed.

The speakers at the meeting were to have included Mr. Scott Duckers (chairman of the Stop-the-War Committee), now in the Army, Miss T. Neilson Wilson (Fellowship of Reconciliation), Mr. C. H. Norman and Miss Sylvia Parkhurst.

hither and thither, caught one another, knotted and impeded their owner's promenade.

Many of the caped gowns (and what gowns were not caped?) prepared for the threat of rain by a loose, bright-lined hood.

Lace berthas, obviously family heirlooms, silver and gold buttons, wide Puritan collars, not one of fashion's latest orders was missing from the parade. And above it all tiny Early Victorian parasols held undisputed sway.

### PLEA FOR NEW FESTIVAL.

The churches were unusually full, and there was every sign that London is witnessing a revival of religious observance.

At St. Paul's Cathedral Dean Inge, at the morning service, made an appeal for the fixing of Easter and also for a harvest festival.

Easter was the spring festival, and in England it ought always to come after the middle of April, as it did this year. We ought to be able to look out of our windows on Easter morning and see the resurrection of the earth, which was the symbol of the greater resurrection which they commemorated that day.

At St. Stephen's Serbo was present at Evensong at St. Paul's, and the Bishop of London, who preached, said: "We are pledged never to sheathe the sword until our brethren in Serbia are back in their hundreds and you yourself are back on your Archbishop's throne."

There was an enormous crowd at the afternoon service, and large numbers of men in khaki were to be seen in the congregation. Handel's anthems, "Hallelujah" and "I have heard his soul in hell," was sung. An eloquent sermon was preached by Canon Newbolt.

At Westminster Abbey Bishop Ryle was the preacher.

Westminster Cathedral Father Bernard Vaughan preached at the midday celebration of High Mass.

### LONDON'S WEDDING DAY.

Referring to the thousands of those near and dear to England who had been mown down by the scythe of war, the preacher said that they at home had watched with sympathy and sorrow the long-drawn processions bearing their mangled, mangled and martyred bodies to their resting places beneath the Cross, the symbol of their faith in Him Who was their Captain.

Many soldiers' and munitions workers' weddings took place in London on Saturday.

At Woolwich the clergy and registrars were kept busy throughout the morning, whilst the resources of local livery stables and garages proved quite incapable of coping with the demand for carriages and motor-cars.

The bridegrooms there were nearly all Royal Arsenal workers, whose war prosperity has made the furnishing of homes an easy matter.

Brighton is crowded with visitors.

Delightful weather favoured Easter holidays at Scarborough, where visitors are considerably in excess of last Easter.

Boating season opens to-day on the river, but yesterday's sunshine lured a number of people into boats between Richmond and Staines.

### ANZAC HEROES' DAY.

Gallant Lads from Gallipoli at Westminster Abbey To-morrow.

Londoners should turn out in their thousands to-morrow to do honour to the gallant Australian troops who will commemorate the first anniversary of the landing of the Anzacs in Gallipoli.

Thirteen hundred Australian soldiers, 700 New Zealanders and a detachment of the Royal Australian Navy, who fought the battle of the Falkland Islands, will march in procession from the Gaiety Theatre to Westminster Abbey.

The King and Queen will be present at the memorial service, and by his Majesty's wish as many wounded Anzacs as possible will be seated close to him.

These will include some blinded soldiers from Dunstan's Regent's Park.

After the service the men will march down Tottenham-street, the New Zealanders leaving the procession at St. James's Park Station to entrain for Homechurch. But the Australians will continue their march to the Hotel Cecil, where they will be entertained to luncheon by the High Commissioner for the Commonwealth.

At two o'clock the Australians will march via the Strand and Cockspur-street to his Majesty's Theatre, where a special matinee will be given.

### NEW PEERAGE ROMANCE.

A pretty romance of the peerage was sealed in the parish church at Heme Bay on Saturday, when the Earl of Westmorland was married to Miss Catherine Gale.

The new Countess of Westmorland is the daughter of a Baptist minister. Six years ago she entered the house of her future husband as the governess of his two youngest children. The bride's father had been pastor of the Baptist Church at Heme Bay from 1893 until his death in 1907.

Lord Westmorland, who is in his fifty-sixth year, has been twice married. His first wife, Lady Sybil Mary St. Clair Erskine, daughter of the fourth Earl of Rosslyn. She died in 1910.

Turn to page 9 and read the opening chapters of "The Black Sheep," by Ruby M. Ayres. It is a great story.

## BE "BRACED UP" AT BRITISH SPAS.

Kaiser Ignored Fatherland for a Rest Cure Here.

### KEEP FIT AT HOME.

Now that spring is upon us and people's thoughts are turning more and more to the seaside, the mountains and the moors, invalids and middle-aged people generally who in pre-war days were in the habit of going to some Continental spa for a cure every year are beginning to wonder whether they may not try the British spas with advantage.

Under war conditions no one can accept the present season as the usual holiday festival. Our first care must be for the sick and ailing.

Why not try one of seventy British spas? The German and the Austrian spas have long been overrated.

The following interesting list of British spas which practically have the same springs and curative properties as certain foreign spas is contained in Dr. Thomas Linn's book, "Health Resorts of Europe."

RESORTS CORRESPONDS TO FOR CURE OF

Harrogate	Kurbad	Bilthoven
Bath	Maribad	Anemia
Tunbridge Wells	Nie	Anemia
Droitwich	Vichy	Gout
Malvern	Wiesbaden	Gout
Bournemouth	Homburg	Gout
Leamington	Bourbonne	Liver troubles
Liawerth	Ems	Liver troubles
Dunsmuir	Baden	Nervous debility
Briggs of Alton	Baden	Nervous debility
Woodhall	Nauheim	Rheumatism
Buxton	Aix les Bains	Schistosis
Shanklin	St. Germain	Scrophulous

The spas mentioned in the above list generally depend upon their springs to effect a cure of a special malady, but most spas, of course, effect other cures.

#### TONIC EASILY TAKEN.

A cheerful view of the English climate was expressed to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday by a famous health expert.

"Do you suppose," he went on, "the German Emperor would have been ordered a rest cure near Bournemouth if our climate was as bad as some of us try to make out? The real fact is that the English climate is a magnificent tonic, especially on the south coast."

Take Brighton or Hastings, or any resort in Devonshire or Cornwall—generally speaking the weather is delightful there, bracing, health-giving and life-prolonging."

While the medical profession seem to agree upon the many national advantages of British spas over their foreign competitors, public men also agree in deploring the narrow public policy which has up to now governed British spas.

This narrow insular policy, which prevents gaiety, enjoyment and entertainment, has deterred British patients from visiting our own health resorts.

And it naturally does not encourage an influx of foreign patients to this country. It is a policy in direct contrast to the one adopted by Germany before the war.

Germany aimed to make her spas attractive. She gave them a lively aspect. She did not depress her visitors.

Is it too much to hope that British spas will in this respect now see the wisdom of following German example?

### BARRISTER'S PLUCKY RESCUE.

A plucky rescue from the Thames was watched by a large crowd on the Victoria Embankment on Saturday afternoon.

It was noticed that an elderly man was in the river at Temple Stairs. He was seen by Mr. A. E. Aspinall, who belongs to the R.N.R. Anti-Aircraft Corps, dived into the river, reached the old man, and succeeded in bringing him to shore. Mr. Aspinall was exhausted by his exertions.

Mr. Aspinall is a barrister-at-law, and has been secretary to the West Indian Committee since 1898.

### "GLORIOUS CANADIANS."

The Montreal Star publishes the following letter from Viscount French:—

"G.H.Q. Home Forces, Horse Guards, March 25, 1916.

"On the anniversary of the second battle of Ypres I take this opportunity of testifying once more to the glorious gallantry of the Canadian troops."

"I have since watched with the greatest interest the rapid growth of the Canadian contingent in the field, and it is impossible, in my opinion, to over-estimate the value of the support thus given to our armies."

### MILE. DORIGNY MARRIED.

Mile. Colette Dorigny, the delightful French actress, who came to London a week or two ago to play in "Mr. Manhattan," was married quietly on Saturday to Captain Haydon, R.F.C. at the Chapel Royal, Savoy, only two or three personal friends of the bride and a number of officer friends of Captain Haydon being present at the ceremony.



# BRITISH ATTACK ON TIGRIS POSITION FAILS OWING TO FLOODS

**Men of Battalion Reach Turks' Third Line.**

**"GREAT GALLANTRY."**

**Berlin's Story of British Raid on Bapaume-Albert Road.**

**FRENCH TAKE HUN POSTS.**

The Easter Day attack made by the British on the Turkish position of Sanna-i-Yat, on the Tigris, failed.

## BATTLE ON THE TIGRIS.

Owing to floods only one brigade could attack over a very short front, but with great gallantry the first and second lines of the Turkish position were penetrated by the men of a British composite battalion, some of whom reached the third line. They



fought through bog and water-logged trenches. Owing to the floods reinforcements were unable to reach their objectives and the brigade was unable to maintain itself under the Turkish counter-attacks. General Townshend has now been beleaguered at Kut for 198 days.

## BERLIN'S CONFESSION.

The Germans, after grudgingly admitting the success of the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, who recaptured the trench on the Ypres-Langemark road, now make a full, but still grudging, confession of their loss.

The British patrols attacked in the night the German lines both sides of the Bapaume-Albert high road is a statement in the German official news, which adds that the British were repulsed.

Several German listening posts in the Avocourt Wood have been taken by the French.

## U.S.A. EXPECTING RUPTURE?

According to telegrams from Washington the United States Government is taking steps to meet any situation which would result from a possible rupture with Germany.

## OUTPOST ACTIONS WHICH GAINED US GROUND.

Mr. Edmund Candler, the representative of the British Press with the Expeditionary Force in Mesopotamia, writing from Abu Roman on April 17, says:—

At seven o'clock this morning our troops stormed and carried the strong Turkish position of Beit Bissa, on the right bank of the Tigris, capturing over 200 prisoners.

Our infantry were able to advance under cover of the guns up to the enemy's trenches and to rush the position without severe losses. The present advance on the right bank began with the occupation of Abu Roman on April 5, which was simultaneous with the capture of El Hannan and Fallahiye on the other side of the river.

Owing to the difficult and swampy nature of the ground, which has made observation and the movement of large bodies of troops almost impossible, the recent fighting has comprised a number of affairs of outpost.

In these individual enterprise and initiative have had full scope, and our troops have maintained superiority over the enemy.

In one case an infantry patrol, while keeping every Turkish head under the parapet by intensive machine-gun fire, crept up and enfiladed the enemy's position with bombs.

In another case Gurkha pickets bluffed a Turkish outpost after a long sniping duel by throwing bombs towards a trench at 120 yards. The result of these operations on the right bank is that we now hold a line within four miles of Es-Sinn—the Turkish position which, with its strong defences astride the river, is the strategic key to Kut.

## FOUGHT THROUGH BOG AND WATER LOGGED TRENCHES

PRESS BUREAU, Sunday, 5.40 p.m.

The Secretary of the War Office makes the following announcement:—

General Lake, telegraphing on April 23, reports as follows:—

The attack made this morning on the Sanna-i-Yat position on the left (north) bank failed. The position had been systematically bombarded on the 20th and 21st at intervals during each night and again this morning.

Owing to floods it was found possible for one brigade only to attack over a very contracted front.

The leading troops of this brigade, consisting of a British composite battalion, advanced with great gallantry and penetrated the enemy's first and second lines through bog and submerged trenches, and a few got up into the third line.

The brigade, however, was unable to maintain itself under the enemy's counter-attacks, and other brigades pushed up on the right and left to reinforce were unable to reach their objectives across flooded and boggy ground under heavy machine-gun fire.

Our troops on the right bank also were unable to make much progress.

## AMERICA PREPARING FOR RUPTURE WITH GERMANY? RUSSIANS GAIN GROUND. IN COUNTER-ATTACK.

**Grave View of Situation in Washington—Bitter Berlin Comments.**

WASHINGTON, Sunday.—The United States Government is making tentative arrangements to cope with every conceivable situation which would result from a possible severance of diplomatic relations with Germany. —Reuter.

New York, Sunday.—Messages received in Washington from Mr. Gerard report that the outlook for a satisfactory settlement between the two Powers is not encouraging.

The belief that the revelations contained in the Ingel papers will eventually result in the dismissal of Count Bernstorff continues to grow. —Central News.

The German Press view of the Note, which was published in full in the Berlin evening papers on Saturday, says Reuter, is very serious.

The *Vossische Zeitung* calls it a "bitter kernel in a thorny husk."

An Associated Press message says that the German answer will not be forthcoming until the middle of next week.

## BRITISH RAID SUCCESS.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Sunday, 10 p.m.—Last night we made a successful raid against enemy trenches south-west of Thiepval. Thirteen prisoners were captured, and in addition a number of casualties were caused to the enemy by our men bombing their dug-outs. Our casualties were very slight.

Mining activity continues in the Hohenlorenz sector. To-day there were artillery actions about Hebuterne, Neuville St. Vaast, Souchez, Carency and about the Ypres-Comines Canal. Our artillery dispersed an enemy working party in front of St. Eloi this afternoon.

## GERMANS FEAR ATTACK.

BRITISH HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Saturday.—That the British daily official communiqué should in four attacks delivered against many different sectors of the Ypres salient will suggest something more than mere normal activity along our front.

The map showing the order of battle of the German armies north of the Somme, recently published by *The Times*, revealed one fact, which is that the enemy now feels compelled to hold his line everywhere confronting us very heavily.

Such a disposition renders it pretty clear that a big push by the British is regarded as an imminent menace, since it is too obvious to dwell upon how useful—indeed, possibly how vital—a few more divisions might prove in determining the costly operations upon the Meuse. —Reuter.

**Turks Fail to Check Our Ally's Victorious Advance in the Caucasus.**

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Sunday.—The official communiqué to-day says:—

On the western front during the night of the 21st and the following day the German artillery bombarded the bridgehead at Iskull.

Enemy aeroplanes flew over the Dvinsk region. During the day a German patrol to the north of Lake Yeghynovskoe crossed the River Schara and entered the woods, where it was surrounded by us and practically cut up. The survivors were captured.

On the 21st we annihilated an Austrian post near Khreisk, north of Tcharatorysh. In the region of Sopanoff, north of Kremenetz, the enemy exploded three mines and attempted to occupy the craters, but he was driven back by our fire into his own trenches.

We occupied the craters without loss. On the Caucasian front, in the region of Ashkalin, we everywhere repulsed desperate attacks by the Turks, who suffered heavy losses.

We then launched a surprise counter-attack and carried an important sector of the enemy position. —Reuter.

## AND THE OTHER SIDE.

(TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Saturday.—The following official communiqué was issued in Constantinople to-day.

Caucasian Front.—Hostile forces, which were in the Motiki sector, south of Bilis, were by our surprise attack, forced to fight rearguard engagements and to retire in the direction of Bilis, leaving behind them hundreds of dead.

After four hours' fighting from Kozma Mountain, to the east of Mush, the enemy were repulsed in an easterly direction.

In engagements on the Kop Mountain and in the vicinity of Hill 2,500, as far as east of Ashkale, we stopped the Russian attacks. Our counter-attack repulsed the enemy from the heights and slopes north of the mountain. In the Djervizik sector we stopped an enemy detachment, which was trying to advance southward from Trebizond.

Engagements are proceeding between our coastguard detachments and Russian detachments which have been landed at Polathane. —Reuter.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

Eastern Theatre of War.—South of the Narocz Lake an attack by a Russian battalion broke down before our obstructions. The enemy suffered heavy losses. Elsewhere, with the exception of local outbursts of artillery fire and some patrol encounters, there were no events of special importance. —Wireless Press.

## "OBLIGED TO LEAVE OUR GAINS."

**Germans Make Full Confession of British Success.**

## "ATTACK BY BRITISH."

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Sunday.—Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

We have been compelled to evacuate our newly-won trenches on the Langemark-Ypres road on account of high floods which made consolidation impossible.

An English hand grenade attack made towards morning south of St. Eloi was repulsed.

English patrols which advanced in the night against our lines on both sides of the Bapaume-Albert high road, after preparation by strong artillery fire, were also repulsed. —Wireless Press.

On Saturday night British Headquarters reported that the King's Shropshire Light Infantry had recaptured the trench on the Ypres-Langemark road, and that our line there had been completely re-established. The Germans on Saturday said that the British had only occupied one-third of the positions gained.

## FOE'S VAIN NIGHT RAID.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Sunday.—The following communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

West of Vauquois the Germans attempted in the course of the night to take one of our machine guns which particularly annoyed them.

They were repulsed and eight prisoners remained in our hands.

West of the Meuse the enemy did not renew his attacks between Bethincourt Brook and the Dead Man.

Coups de main (surprise attacks) attempted by us in the Avocourt Wood permitted us to take several listening posts and to take some prisoners.

East of the Meuse and in the Woivre Plain has been intermittent artillery activity. The night was calm on the rest of the front. —Reuter.

## "FRENCH GAS ATTACK."

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Sunday.—Main Headquarters reports this afternoon as follows:—

Near Tracy le Val an enemy gas attack was unsuccessful. The clouds of gas swept back in the direction of the French position.

On the left bank of the Meuse, south-east of Haucourt and west of the Dead Man Hill, we have taken enemy trenches.

On the right of the river, in the Woivre Plain and on the heights near Combres, the fighting activity was limited to a very lively artillery fire. —Wireless Press.

## STARVE OR GO WITHOUT AMUSEMENT.

(From W. L. McAlpin.)

PARIS, Sunday.—There are no joybells in Germany this Easter.

Most of the bellies are empty, their peals having been melted down to make bullets and shells for the Kaiser's artillery, and the remainder are silent owing to the universal gloom which depresses German people.

At Frankfurt during a cinema performance a notice appeared on the screen that married women whose husbands were mobilised, on applying at the ticket office, would have the price of their seats refunded.

There was a rush for the cashier's office. There the women found a pensioner, who marched them off to the police station, where the commissary informed them that since they were able to find money for amusements, they had no need of State relief. Consequently their daily allowance would be stopped.

## PIRATES' LATEST VICTIMS

More victims of Hun piracy are reported by Lloyd's.

The crew of the Charanal, torpedoed on Saturday morning, are believed to have been saved, and the pilot and crew of the Tregantle have been landed.

The captain and fifteen hands belonging to the steamer Feliciania were picked up by a steamer, and search is being made for the remainder of the crew. Another report states that all the crew are safe.

The British steamer Cairngowan has been sunk without warning. She was unarmed.

A Lloyd's telegram from Queenstown states that the Italian steamer Josef Agost Soherczeg has been sunk by a submarine, the captain and crew being saved.



Firing practice for the members of the City of London National Guard at Brighton. These veterans are spending their Easter holiday in vigorous training.



## BRITISH GUN DRAWN BY A TEAM OF CAMELS.



The animals travel at quite a good speed and do not want watering often—a great advantage in the desert.

## FOUR SOLDIER SONS.



Arthur. Ernest.



Mrs. Hastings.



Edward. Richard.

Mrs. Hastings, an ex-actress, whose stage name was Bella Daly, and her four soldier sons, three of whom have been wounded. Mrs. Hastings played children's parts with such famous stars as Genevieve Ward and Barry Sullivan.

## PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THEIR WEAPONS.



A Canadian machine gun section which is "somewhere in Flanders."

## "LONE PIRATE."



Ernest Schiller, known as the lone German pirate, who has been sent to prison for life in America. He stowed away on the British steamer Matopopo, and held up the crew at the point of a revolver, and threatened to sink her.

## "TOP HAT" WITH A PLUME.



Pretty walking dress of pale fawn cloth, trimmed with black glacé silk and braid. If the top hat is not much worn by men nowadays women are wearing something akin to it. Only this one is decorated with a plume.

## "TILL THE BOYS COME HOME."



As a luggage porter.



As a ticket collector.

Miss Lilian Hawkins has been employed at Finner Station for eight months. "I hope," she says, "to remain in the service 'till the boys come home.'"—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

## FOOT TROUBLES

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Mr. Scholl will give free advice to anyone suffering from foot ailments of any kind. Write to-day for the valuable booklet, "Treatment and Care of the Feet," sent post free on application.

## WEAK FOOT, FLAT FOOT,

Scholl's "Foot-Easers" cure that most common complaint—a weak arch—with its strain on the muscular and nervous system. Made of two springs of silveroid metal covered with special oak-tanned leather; raises the Arch or instep, giving instant relief. Price, per pair 7/6

## BUNION TROUBLE.

Scholl's "Toe-Flex" gently forces the great toe outward, bringing it to its normal position. Made in sizes for men and women.

Price 1/6 each.

Scholl's "Bunion Reducer" fits closely to the bunion, taking the pressure of the foot from the joint; maintains the shape of the foot and actually reduces the enlargement. Made of pure Para Gum Rubber in small, medium and large sizes. Price, each 2/-

## CORN'S BANISHED.

Scholl's "Fixo" Corn Plaster, a mechanical medicinal treatment; gives instant relief, and absolutely removes the corn in 48 hours. Does not blister or irritate. Four full-sized treatments in packet. Price 9d.

Box of 8 treatments 1/3.

## ACHING FEET.

Scholl's "Pedico" Foot Balm applied to the feet gives a wonderful feeling of freshness and vigour after tiring walks or long standing. Invaluable to Soldiers. Price 1/- per pot.

## AVOID IMITATIONS.

Scholl appliances are fitted by good-class boot dealers everywhere.

THE SCHOLL CO., Ltd., Largest Makers of Foot Appliances in the World.

1, 2, 3, & 4, Giltspur Street, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



# Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1916.

## GETTING ON AND GOING ON.

WE have been looking at a copy of *The Daily Mirror* for Easter Monday, 1915, so as to renew our sense of the war's progress since then; and also in order to be fresh and original this morning. Surely circumstances were very different a year ago! We must not repeat ourselves. We must remember the great difference.

What was happening, then, last Easter? Just about this time—Easter came at the beginning of April—a British airman had been making "a moonlight raid on the pirate submarine bases." A bold but subsidiary operation. . .

What next? Ah, here we are—something new at last!—"America's attitude." Much speculation. Would she "soon play the part of peacemaker"? There were rumours in that sense. . .

Well, not very new. Here and now, in 1916, rumours about America. . .

What else again? Now this surely is different—"Two ships torpedoed in the Channel."

No, not new—painfully familiar. A week or two ago, ships torpedoed in the Channel. . . That is, in 1916.

Next? "British mine attack stops German activity at La Bassée." Admirable—but familiar. "Verdun."

What is this? Surely last year we cannot have already been talking about Verdun? Verdun is this year's Easter Egg for the Willies. Yes—here it is: "Brilliant French night attack South-East of Verdun." In 1915. And also in 1916. Really—without "pessimism"—it becomes difficult to distinguish the dates.

Anything else to mark off the events of last Easter from those of this Easter?

Mainly minor matters. Celebrated persons had given up alcohol publicly, and we suppose they have still given it up—unless they have taken to it again. A famous peer was dead and he is still dead. Nothing is changed. "A land where all things always seem the same." 1915, 1916—"the more it changes the more the same it is."

Next year when we take up the paper shall we read: "Brilliant attack at Verdun? Allied airman raids submarine bases? Ships torpedoed in Channel? America's attitude?"

And shall we read it all again, all still, in 1918? And in 1919? And in 1920?

Frankly the answer depends on whether the politicians have by then decided on getting on with the war, instead of simply going on with it. For, surely it might go on for ever, unless we get on with it soon.

W. M.

## WORK AND PLAY.

Who first invented work, and bound the free  
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down  
To the ever-haunting opportunity  
Of business in the green fields, and the town—  
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh! most sad,  
To that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood?  
Who but the Being unblest, the evil-god,  
Sabbathless Satan! he who his unglad  
Task ever plies 'mid rotatory burnings.  
That round and round incessantly reel—  
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—  
In that red realm from which are no returnings:  
Where toiling and turmoil ever and aye  
He and his thoughts keep pensive working-day.  
—CHARLES LAMB.

## A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life,—this, at present, of all arts or sciences being the one most needing study. Humble life,—that is to say, not needing study, not future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no trouble thought for coming days; so, also, not excluding the idea of providence, or provision, but wholly of accumulation,—the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costliness and kind pleasures,—therefore, chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world.—Ruskin.

## HOW RUHLEBEN MAKES BANK HOLIDAY.

### A YEAR AGO AS A WAR PRISONER IN GERMANY.

By FRANCIS GRIBBLE.

THIS Easter Monday I am a free man. Last year, on this day, I was a prisoner in Germany.

All four of our prison bank holidays, beginning with Boxing Day, fell within the period of my ten months' sojourn in Ruhleben Camp. The four bank holidays form, as it were, four landmarks, indicating four stages in the development of the amenities of prison life.

"The times," in the language of the hymn, were "very evil" when Boxing Day was celebrated. We were still, in my barrack, at all events, sleeping on straw, and suffering horribly from cold; yet the rumour ran that the fraudulent contractor who daily stole the meat out of our soup would give us a pleasant surprise at supper.

He did give us what I suppose I must de-

Government would then offer us an Easter egg substitute—say, some poached egg-powder on toast; but though it did not do that, it did better.

Easter Monday, 1915, if memory does not mislead me, was the day on which we were first allowed to use the racecourse as a recreation ground.

The boon had been granted in deference to the solicitations of the American Ambassador; and, though it was not a gratuitous boon, but one for which the British Government had to undertake to pay the proprietors of the racecourse, the privilege was very welcome.

Football was now possible.

### OUR FOOTBALL MATCH.

The game had already been attempted under the inconvenient conditions of the stable yard; but now a real match could be organised—the Universities against the Mercantile Service. I forgot who won the game, and I also forgot whether it was Baron von Taube or the Baroness who kicked off, but there is one thing of which I have a keen recollection—the interest taken in the sport by the soldiers who were looking on

## WHOSE FAULT?

### USELESSNESS OF BLAMING INNOCENT PEOPLE FOR THE WAR.

#### THE ROCK THAT FELL.

For some quite honest people, everything that happens is somebody else's fault.

It is my fault, for instance, if a rock falls on me off a precipice and kills me. I should not have been standing under the rock.

If I reply that I was not standing under it, but that a wind blew it across the mountain to me, our friends the remorseful preachers will say: "Yes, but you sinned last year."

It is depressing for the relatives of the man killed by the rock! Probably he himself doesn't much mind what the preachers say.

Hampstead. L. W. W.

#### "BOLD REBUKE."

SURELY all Christians will rejoice that there is such a John the Baptist as the Bishop of Cheimsford "constantly rebuke vice, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake."

"The nations have sadly failed in Christianity, otherwise there would have been no war. All our sympathy goes out to the noble mothers (and sons) who have suffered 'vicariously' for the nations' sins, and they will be the first to see it and try to bring about a better state of things by the help of Divine Power. 'W. M.,' by his levity, will only add to the sum. Emerson's words are a beautiful. JUSTITIA. Brighton.

#### MAGIC AND WAR.

THE chief danger in the professional spiritualistic mediums lies, I think, in the fact that they are sometimes right in their prognostications, and that, owing to their very peculiar mental condition, they are apt to exercise an uncanny and unhealthy influence over the minds of their clients.

Mr. Irving in his play at the Savoy demonstrates through Beverley the horrible condition into which some of these mediums bring themselves through the exercise of certain gifts that have undoubtedly been conferred upon them. For, as he well depicts, the medium is not always or wholly a humbug, and frequently enough he is possessed of diabolic power.

ANTI-SPIRITUALIST.  
The Sports Club,  
St. James' square, S.W.

#### THE "CRISIS."

THE ordinary public have not worried much about the crisis. It is the politicians who have worried.

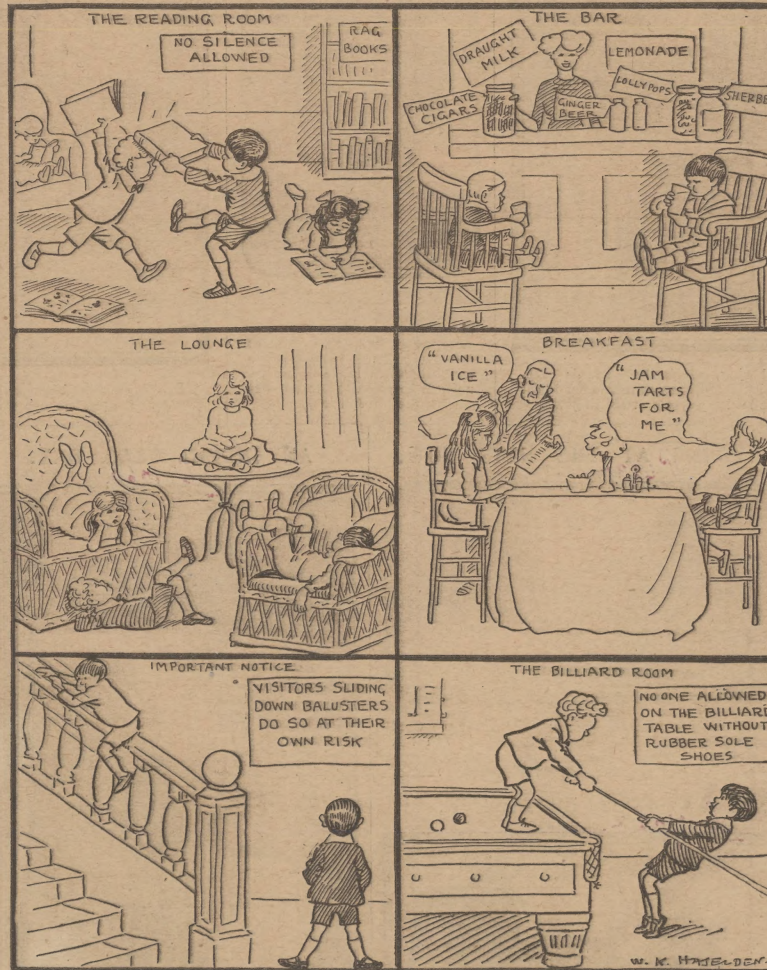
Let us hope they will understand the crisis that we do not care which of them goes and which stays, so long as they get on with the war and give the military authorities the men they need without any further delay or effort to reconcile irreconcilables. I. W. Devon-road, Bedford.

#### "GET ON."

"GET on with the war"—that is indeed the daily cry of our people, our politicians.

Will they hear it at last, now that the war comes not far off the end of its second year? T. N. Cheyne-court, Chelsea.

## HOTELS FOR CHILDREN THIS EASTER.



The holiday this spring is mainly for children and the elderly. The young men are at the front. All who can work are working. Surely, then, our hotels might adapt themselves to the new needs and fit themselves out for "children chiefly," as above.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

scribe, provisionally, as buns. There were not enough buns to go round, and I was one of those who arrived at the kitchen too late to receive the gift; but one of my friends insisted that I should share the bun which he had succeeded in securing. Already in those days it was widely surmised that I might aspire to be the historian of the camp, and my friend thought that it was my duty to qualify myself to pass a judgment on that bun.

Assuredly it was no ordinary bun, but rather a bun-substitute, such as no German baker in England would dare to produce, for fear lest his angry customers should offer him the choice between eating it and being interned in his own oven. The memory of the bun-substitute is the one memory of my first Ruhleben bank holiday which still lingers vividly in my mind.

We come to Easter Monday—last year. By that date matters were, at last, beginning to improve. I rather expected that the German

and their amazement when the defeated team, whichever it was, gave three cheers for the victorious team.

The idea that the game could be played for the game's sake, without any mutual ill-will, was clearly new to them; their expectation evidently was that the conqueror would hound the conquerors back to their barracks with furious hymns of hate. Still, I think they understood and admitted to themselves that there was something to be said for the British view of sport.

Was it on Whit Monday or on Empire Day that we had our athletic sports?

That is another of the things which I forgot; but, happily, it is not a matter on which accuracy is of supreme importance. It was, at any rate, a very successful meeting, and some of the competitors had very fine records behind them. We were getting on at the date of this athletic meeting; and all compliments are due to the committee men who organised it and the competitors who took part in it in the face

of difficulties which can be imagined. There remained the August festival of St. Lubbock, and there was much speculation as to the manner in which that festival should be distinguished. When it came all sorts of rules were relaxed, and all sorts of proceedings were permitted which on other days might have been punished by seventy-two hours' confinement in the cells. The racecourse was temporarily transformed, as it were, into a passable imitation of Hampstead Heath.

Such were our four bank holidays—each marking, as I have said, a stage in an evolutionary process. The record will show that the spirit of Mark Tapscott was alive in us; but those of us who have been so fortunate as to get away from Ruhleben agree with those who remain there in hoping that the call on the vitality of that spirit will not be prolonged for many further months.

May there be no English prisoners in Germany by next Easter Monday!



## THE RULES RELAXED.

P 17104.



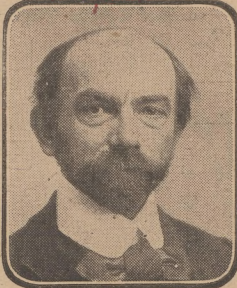
After much bumping and boring, which the stewards overlooked, Major Kitson and Lieutenant Fosdick rode a dead-heat in the donkey Derby at the military sports at Nottingham.

## A LIKENESS

P 1790.



The Clandos Shakespeare.



Mr. Shakespeare Hart.

Mr. Shakespeare Hart, of Lichfield, is a lineal descendant of the poet's family, and bears a striking resemblance to his renowned ancestor. Yesterday was the tercentenary.

## IT WAS NOT WHERE THE



A British machine laden with bombs which came to grief somewhere in the Mediterranean. Luckily no one was hurt, but the machine turned turtle and several of

## ONLY OLD AND YOUNG AT THE NETS NOW.

P 6232



Robert Abel, the veteran Surrey cricketer, returning from the nets at the Oval after coaching young pupils from the public schools. He is seen with Mr. Forsyth, who watched his grandson batting.

## WOMEN ACCEPT FARMER'S CHALLENGE.

P 4022.



The Lord Mayor of Birmingham has provided the pitchforks for the local Women's Volunteer Reserve, who have undertaken to spread 200 tons of manure on the land during the holiday. A farmer said they couldn't do it.

## AN INDIAN FLAG DAY.

P 1069.



A Burmese maid decorates an Anzac in Princes' street, Edinburgh, where an Indian flag day was held. A large sum of money was collected. It is to be employed for the benefit of the wounded Indian soldiers.

## SEVEN ANZACS WHO ARE



They have won the D.C.M., and will receive it tomorrow. They are now convalescent.

## WAR HONOURS WON



Sergeant F. W. Mallin, of the Welsh Regiment. Acting Bombardier Hope, R.G.A.

All four displayed the greatest gallantry when tenant-Colonel Robson has been awarded the D.C.M. and Bombardier Hope, who receive the D.C.M.



# MBS SHOULD HAVE DROPPED.



Bombs fell off. One of them can be seen on the water, while another is in the hands of the pilot.

# FATE'S GAME



Private G. Meakin.



Watch case and bullet.

Private G. Meakin, of Burton, owes his life to a watch case which, by a strange irony of fate, was "made in Germany." It stopped the flight of a shrapnel bullet.

# PRINCESS' BIRTHDAY.



Princess Mary, the only daughter of the King and Queen, who celebrates her nineteenth birthday to-morrow. This charming photograph was taken by special permission.—(Ernest Brooks.)

# BE DECORATED TO-MORROW.



als after the service at Westminster Abbey to seen taking part in a "wheelbarrow race."

# D.C.M. FOR WAR VETERAN.



Colonel Westmacott decorates Corporal William Hope, R.E., with the D.C.M. at Manchester. Hope, who is a native of Westoughton, fought in the South African war, and is forty-six years of age.

# "HUMAN PARCELS" CAREFULLY LABELLED.



New Zealanders, who are no longer fit for active service, photographed before leaving Cairo for their homes. All the men, it will be noticed, have labels pinned to their uniforms. On them are their names and addresses.

# WITH THE BRITISH IN THE BALKANS.



Pulling a large naval gun into position "somewhere in the Balkans." Apparently the weather is none too warm, as the men are wearing great-coats with hoods.—(Official photograph. Crown copyright reserved.)

# AND THE NEW MEDAL.



Lieutenant T. Douthwaite, R.G.A. (T.F.) Lieutenant-Colonel Lan-celot Robson, R.G.A. Battle cruisers bombarded the Harlequins. Lieutenant Douthwaite the D.C.M. Sergeant Mallin are the first recipients of the new war honour.



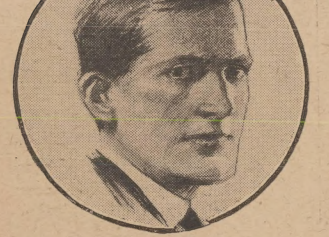
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Address .....  
"Daily Mirror," 24/4/16.



READ THE OPENING CHAPTERS OF THIS SPLENDID STORY TO-DAY

# THE BLACK SHEEP

By RUBY M. AYRES.



George Laxton.

## CHAPTER I.

### THE ACCIDENTAL MEETING.

A CLOUD of dust, the sound of grinding brakes, and a woman's shrill scream.

The grey, torpedo-shaped car came to a skidding standstill, and the man at the wheel turned in his seat to see what had happened.

"You might have killed me," said a shaking, angry voice.

The young man looked relieved.

"Oh, well, as long as I haven't!" he returned, rather impatiently.

He flung the leathern apron from his knees and stepped out into the roadway. He was a tall, thin young man, and he probably looked his worst at that moment, in his dust-spattered overalls, and with disfiguring goggles thrown back over the top of his cap.

The girl who had flung herself back against the bank bordering the road to escape being knocked down by the car looked at him with flashing eyes.

"It's disgraceful, racing about the roads like that without sounding your horn!" she said.

"The police have no right to allow it."

The young man's rather harassed face broke into an unwilling smile.

"I didn't know there were any police in this forsaken hole," he said. "But I must admit I was driving rather too quickly; as a matter of fact, I'm in the deuce of a hurry."

The girl glanced down at her wrist with resentful eyes; it was torn by the brambles and bleeding slightly.

"Don't let me detain you," she said frigidly. The young man frowned.

"I'm sorry if I frightened you," he said with a touch of impatience. "But I don't see how I could have known that you would be walking right in the middle of the road."

"You ought to have sounded your horn," she told him severely, but now there was a little gleam of amusement in her eyes.

"That's a fine car," she said, a shade enviously.

The girl brightened.

"Yes, isn't it? . . . I say, can't I give you a lift anywhere? I'm going right through to Lumsden—if that's your way."

She looked at him and hesitated; then she looked at the car and hesitated no longer.

She broke into a laugh.

"Well, if you'd killed me, you'd have had to take me in, or, rather, my dead body," she said lightly.

She climbed into the low seat without further invitation; it was almost absurdly comfortable.

He had given the style of an armchair; she leaned back luxuriously.

The man was starting up the engine. His face was hidden as he stooped over the bonnet of the car, or he might have seen the girl's slightly impatient look in his eyes.

He had given his invitation impulsively. He had not the least desire for her company. He thought she might have the decency to refuse to accompany him, seeing that he had already told her he was in the deuce of a hurry.

He squashed himself into the small seat beside her.

"There isn't a great deal of room," he apologised rather shortly. "These cars are built for speed, you know."

There was a touch of superiority in his voice, but the girl seemed unimpressed.

"I know," she said; "I drive one rather like this myself."

"Oh!" He looked rather foolish; for the first time he regarded her with faint interest.

She was very plainly, almost cheaply, dressed; that was the first thing he noticed, before his eyes wandered to her face, to the slightly tanned skin and round little chin. She wore a blue tam-o'-shanter, very much the same colour as the April sky above them, and beneath her hair was blown into little loose curls about her ears and temples.

"Red," the man beside her told himself curiously. He hated red-haired women. But, as a matter of fact, it was not red at all; it was only just where the bright sunshine touched it that the copper-brown waves took a brighter sheen.

He was a man who judged very largely from externals. He was used to driving with women who wore expensive furs and silk petticoats; women who wrapped themselves shivering in furs and who from time to time dabbed their noses surreptitiously with a powder puff. The plain serge frock and knitted tam-o'-shanter of the girl beside him did not seem somehow compatible with a racing car that cost eight hundred guineas. He maintained a sceptical silence.

Presently she spoke.

"You ought to have got up this hill on top speed," she told him. He had just changed into second gear.

He frowned.

"I always do in my car," she added calmly. He looked at her.

"Perhaps you know the roads round here better than I do," he submitted, with a touch of ill-temper. He did not like having his driving criticised. "I have never been in these parts before."

His voice added gratuitously that he did not greatly care if he never came again.

The girl looked faintly surprised.

"I've lived here all my life," she said. "I should think I know every tree and stone for miles round."

They had turned a corner at the top of the hill now, and were passing some wide iron carriage gates through which a carriage drive some half a mile in length led away up to a white stone house faintly visible against a background of trees.

The man glanced at it as they passed.

"Do you know that place?" he asked.

"Of course, I do!" She leaned forward a little and looked interestedly towards it.

"That's Barton Manor," she explained. "It's been empty for years, but the new owner is just coming to live there. We're all most frightfully interested in him," she added naively. "He's a sort of black sheep, I believe."

"Indeed." He did not sound particularly interested, but the girl went on.

"He's a nephew of the late owner, and his name is George Laxton. . . . Of course, don't know anything about him really—I've never seen him, but everyone says he's an awful rake. . . . most Georges are, don't you think so?" she asked.

"I can't say I've noticed it particularly."

"I have," she maintained. "I had a cousin named George, and he was a fearful trouble to everyone; he ran away to sea and was drowned."

"And when everybody was pleased, I suppose," he submitted dryly.

She laughed.

"Well, I don't think they were very sorry," she admitted. "And then the vicar had a son heart by going on the stage."

"How criminal!"

She looked up quickly.

"I suppose you're laughing at me," she said. "No," he said, "I'm not. Then you've lived down here in the country for as long as I have."

"Which Heaven forbid!" he interrupted.

"Oh, it's not so bad when you're used to it," she said cheerily. "We have quite a good time in our own way, though I dare say we should all seem very narrow-minded to you. You'd be surprised if you knew what excitement there is over a new man who is coming to Barton Manor, for instance. Just at present people can't talk about anything else."

She gave a little chuckle. "Poor man, I should think his ears are burning."

"What's he like—young or old?"

"Oh, he's young, of course, and unmarried—which is a great thing. There are very few men here, you know—marriageable men, I mean; and all the mothers are getting quite excited about him. I can tell you."

He looked down at her.

"Have you got a mother?"

Her bright face changed suddenly. She shook her head.

"Oh, it's not a little silence. 'I'd give anything—anything in the world if I had,' she said, tragically. "She died three years ago."

The man looked uncomfortable.

"Well," he said at last, awkwardly, "I never knew mine at all; she died when I was a nipper—fortunately for her, perhaps," he added rather bitterly.

He drove the brakes home sharply. The car stopped.

"I'm sorry—but I shall have to drop you here," he said with a touch of constraint. "Of course you know we're just outside the village. I'd have taken you on, only . . . well, I've got to meet someone at the station."

He got out and stood in the sunshine, stretching his legs as if they were rather cramped.

The girl scrambled out too. She pulled the tam-o'-shanter further down over her hair. The man noticed that she wore no gloves, and that her hands were slightly brown, like a boy's.

"Thank you so much for bringing me," she said.

"Oh, it's not a great deal of room," he apologised rather shortly. "These cars are built for speed, you know."

There was a touch of superiority in his voice, but the girl seemed unimpressed.

"I know," she said; "I drive one rather like this myself."

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said. She was quite at her ease. She looked up at him with a friendly smile. "I've enjoyed it ever so. The car goes splendidly. But you really ought to try Deacon's Hill on top speed next time."

"I will—if I ever come that way again," he promised her.

She smiled and nodded.

"Yes, do. . . . Well—good-bye."

Judging by the frown that creased his brow, she looked down lightly when he comes.

"The black sheep?" she echoed, not understanding.

"Laxton," he explained.

"Oh—George!" She made a little grimace. "Everybody here calls him 'George,' you know! Oh, yes, I'm quite prepared to like him myself. . . . he'll break the monotony, anyway. Good-bye."

She walked away towards the village through the sunshine.

### THE OTHER GIRL.

LAXTON climbed back into the car; he cast a quick glance round to make sure nobody was looking, then he drew a small hand glass from a pocket and anxiously scrutinised himself.

He was not very pleased with what he saw; he tore off the goggles and rammed them into a pocket; he brushed back his hair and replaced it with a new cap at a more casual angle; he re-adjusted his tie and flicked some dust from his collar; then he gave a little impatient sigh and started the car again.

He passed the girl just as she reached the village; she waved her hand to him as he raced by.

"Wonder who she is," he thought, and then forgot all about her as he turned about and drove up at the kerb outside the little station.

He let the car standing there and went on to the platform. There was nobody about except a sleepy-eyed porter and an old woman with a huge bunch of daffodils tied about with brown paper and string.

The London train was signalled, the porter informed him as he paced up and down restlessly in the sunshine.

He dreaded the next hour or two; if only the train had been shining it would not have been so bad; but on a morning like this, when the world was looking its loveliest in its new spring dress of tender green, it was an appalling tragedy to think of having to say good-bye to all hope of happiness for the rest of one's life.

If only . . . but the train was in sight now. It steamed slowly into the station puffing importantly, and the tall young man swallowed a nervous lump in his throat and moved slowly forward.

The window of a first class carriage was opened, and a girl stood there looking out. The tall young man took a quick step towards her and wrenched open the door.

"You've come!" He took her hand to help her to alight; he kept it in his own as they walked from the station.

He was no longer pale; there was a nervous flush in his harassed face. He hardly took his eyes from the girl at his side.

"I hardly dared hope you would come," he said.

They were out in the sunny road again now, standing beside the car.

The girl looked up at him.

"You knew I should come if I could. It was difficult—I believe mother guessed something—but . . . here I am!" She looked down at the small low seat.

"Oh, George—it doesn't look very comfortable," she complained.

"Oh, but it is," he hastened to assure her. "It's like an armchair when you're in. Hold my hand."

He helped her in carefully and tucked the rug round her; it took him a long time; there was something almost pathetic in the way he lingered over the little service—the way he looked at her. He got in beside her carefully; he took up as little room as possible; he asked half a dozen times if she were comfortable.

"It's better than it looked," she admitted rather ungraciously. "But I shall get simply smothered with dust."

"I'll drive slowly—and it isn't far; but—but I wanted you to see the old place—before . . . well, of course, you know it's got to be sold."

He was not looking at her now; his voice sounded strained and hard. She nodded.

"You told me . . . She bit her red lip.

"Oh, I think life is so horribly unfair," she broke out; there were tears in her voice.

The man kept his eyes steadily before him; there was a fierce look in his face; he drove slowly back along the road, the way he had come ten minutes earlier; but now when they reached the wide gates of Barton Manor he turned the little car in at them and drove up the smooth, wide drive to the white house amongst the trees.

There were men at the gates, and on the face of the house, though the blinds were drawn over all the windows and there was a general air of disuse and neglect everywhere which was very depressing.

It had to be done up," Laxton said. "It would never have sold as it was." They had left the car now and were standing together on the wide terrace steps looking up at the big house.

"It would have been a fine home for a chap—eh?" the man asked with a sort of rough anger. She slipped her hand into his.

"Oh, if we only could . . . if we only could . . . Isn't there any possible way, George?"

He shook his head; he laughed mirthlessly. "Only if some philanthropist chose to come along and adopt one of us," he said. "But those sort of things don't happen nowadays, do they, Laurie?" He walked on a step ahead of her. "I think the door is open."

They went in together. The wide hall was dim and cool; it was oak panelled and lofty; the floor was polished so that it reflected the quaint old suits and helmets of armour that hung on the walls. Laxton closed the door behind him and, turning with a sudden swift movement, he took the son in his arms.

The spring sunshine, falling through a small latticed window, fell full on her face and dainty person.

Pretty enough to satisfy the soul of the most exacting man, surely! Golden hair, brown eyes and a small mouth made for kisses—a small mouth that just now trembled a little as the brown eyes looked up into the man's passionate face.

"Oh, I think it's so unfair—so unfair . . . There isn't any happiness in all the world!" she broke out.

He kissed her passionately. He said that he would give his life for her, very soon—make her happy. He broke out into broken pleading. He'd work his fingers to the bone if only she would marry him. Nobody could ever love her so well as he. They could go away together somewhere—just he and she. They would be so happy . . . What did it matter if they were poor if they had each other? He kissed the tears from her eyes; he kissed her pretty, useless-looking hands that tried to hold him back, to stem his headlong passion.

"You wouldn't be any happier than I should. You love money as much as I do."

"I don't care! I need have another shilling in the world if I've got you."

She shook her head; she smiled through her tears.

"You'd soon be tired of me if I couldn't always dress as well as I do now—if I had to work and spoil my hands." She shivered daintily. "Oh, George, we should both so hate to be poor!"

His arms fell from about her; he looked somewhat beaten.

When he spoke again his voice was dull and expressionless.

"I don't know if you care to see the rest of the house . . . It's supposed to be very fine."

She broke again into petulant tears; she had not wished him to get too much out of hand, but this change was too sudden to meet with her approval.

What was the use of showing her the house if she could never have it, or live there? she asked, sobbing. He could not really love her or he would never be so cruel as to suggest it. She wished she had not come; she had run dreadful risks to do so; he had asked; if her mother found out there would be a dreadful scene; the least he could do was to be kind to her while she was here; they would probably never be alone again in all their lives.

He drew her down to a high-backed oak settle and knelt down beside her; he dried her tears with his own handkerchief and kissed her again and again.

Anyone who only knew him casually would have been amazed at his tenderness; even his face seemed changed; in its hopeless unhappiness it looked much younger, much softer.

"I love you better than anything in the world," he said hoarsely. "I shall never care for another woman as long as I live . . ."

She descended to look at him then; she knew that she was a woman to whom grief was becoming; she said she would never love anyone else either; that no matter whom she married . . . He broke out into frantic protestations.

"Don't say that . . . I can't bear to hear you say that."

### TWO AT THE INN.

LAXTON walked away from her down the long hall; there was something very tragic in his face; during all his years of industrious wild-  
out sowing he had never imagined that there could be such pain in the world as that which he was suffering now; he did not go back to her till he had got control of himself once more; then he sat down beside her and lifted her hand to his lips.

"I'm sorry—I didn't mean to be rough . . . Of course, you will marry me, I hope you will. I only want you to be happy." His voice broke and he bit his lip hard to steady himself.

"But he won't love you as I do . . . no matter

(Continued on page 11.)



Zouave and Boche called "Kamarad."



Après la Chasse (After the Hunt).

Wooden figures made entirely by hand by the well-known French artist Boudard.

"After the Hunt" represents a French soldier leading his Hun prisoner home.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP

## A Brief Holiday.

I HAD a kind of Easter holiday after all. I went down to Brighton on Saturday morning, walked with "the gay throng" before lunch, saw the opening performance—"Caste"—of the Brighton Stock Company on the Palace Pier in the afternoon and rushed back to town in time to greet his Worship of Troy at the Haymarket in the evening.

## "Caste" on the Pier.

There was quite an interesting crowd in the Palace Pier Theatre. The chief feature of the play was the appearance of Mr. Albert Chevalier as Eccles. It was a noteworthy rendering of a by no means easy part. I noticed Lord Mersey in the front row of the stalls. He laughed heartily at the fun in the first act. Just behind me was Mr. Herman Finck, who is taking a well-earned rest just now.

## The Search for Sofas.

The play was preceded by a little lunch, to which I was invited. Mr. Boyle Lawence told an amusing story of the difficulties which the promoters had to secure suitable Mid-Victorian furniture. A fruitless search had been made at the Brighton boarding houses for horsehair chairs and sofas. They were all, it appeared, wanted for the Brighton season.

## Sussex Plays for Sussex People.

Mr. Alfred Waring, the manager of the Glasgow Repertory Theatre, is producing the play, and he tells me that he has a number of other surprises up his sleeve. Among them he hopes to secure some Sussex dialect



Miss Mollie Terraine.

plays. The experiment is an interesting one, and if the Sussex plays prove as good as the Dorset plays it should be exceedingly popular. He has a very clever company, too. Space will not allow me to do them justice, but I may say that pretty Miss Mollie Terraine gave a first-class performance as Polly Eccles.

## Mr. Ainley's Success.

But back to London, and "Q" as a playwright. "The Mayor of Troy" provides Mr. Henry Ainley with a thoroughly congenial part, and there was a moment of really great drama in the last act when the Mayor, broken by ten years in the French galleys, puts on his old uniform and, standing erect, dismisses his Die-Hards. Mr. Ernest Hendrie was particularly good as the genial Ben Chope.

## A Nervous Author.

When the curtain fell there were loud cries of "Author!" At length Sir Arthur stepped forward, holding the hand of Mr. Ainley. He looked very frightened indeed, and seemed quite glad to escape into the wings. Further cries of "Speech! Speech!" failed to draw him.

## The Secret Session.

I hear that all sorts of precautions are to be taken to preserve the secrecy of to-morrow's proceedings in the House, and to prevent the approach of "strangers" anywhere near the Chamber. But the main point of interest is how the bond of secrecy will be imposed on M.P.s themselves.

## An M.P.'s Difficulty.

"Life won't be worth living," I heard one M.P. sigh. "If I want to talk things over with So-and-so and So-and-so (mentioning two M.P. friends) how on earth am I to do it unless I employ a force of police to prevent anyone approaching within fifty yards of us?"

## Scott Memorial Ready.

I hear from Mr. Nicholson Babb that the bronze memorial to Captain Scott and his brave comrades which Mr. Asquith is to unveil at St. Paul's is now practically ready. The cast has left the studio at Baron's Court for the foundry, whence, as time is very short, the tablet will go direct to the cathedral instead of returning to the studio for the finishing touches.

## Well Done, Shropshires.

General Sir Charles Knox should be a proud man this Eastertide, for he is the colonel of the King's, the gallant Shropshire Light Infantry, who, as the week-end official told us, chased the Germans from the trench by the Ypres - Langemark road.



General Sir C. E. Knox.

## Hunted De Wet.

He is a fine sportsman, Sir Charles. It was he who chased De Wet in those long-drawn-out final days of the Boer war and drew admiration from the fugitive Boer, for in his book De Wet makes several references to General Knox. "Any person who has had dealings with this general," he wrote, "will acknowledge that he is apt to be rather a troublesome friend, for not only does he understand the art of marching by night, but he is apt to be overbearing."

## Mr. Asquith's Holiday.

I heard of two of our holiday-making Cabinet Ministers yesterday. A friend who was up the river on Good Friday tells me he caught a fleeting glimpse of Mr. Asquith taking his ease in a wicker chair on his lawn at his place, Wharf House, Sutton Courtney. Despite the warmth of the day, the Premier was well muffled up and was wearing a thick overcoat.

## Tea on the Lawn.

On the other hand, Mrs. Asquith had no fear of the weather, for I hear she was walking in the morning with a friend, and neither wore hats. Wharf House has a wonderful old English garden, and in the afternoon there was a merry tea-party on the lawn, when everyone, I am told, was in the best of spirits, evidently forgetful of crises and secret sessions.

## No Luck.

The other Minister of whom I had news was Mr. Lloyd George, who is spending the short vacation with his family at Criccieth. On Saturday he motored to Llansymudwy, driven by his daughter, Miss Olwen, to try his luck with the rod. He had little luck, I hear.

## Miss Megan in Charge.

Little Miss Megan Lloyd George, so my correspondent tells me, was very active fitting rods together, but she admitted to lack of patience and said she did not like fishing. So she took charge of the commissariat department and saw to it that her father and his brother did not lack refreshments.

## An Historic Week.

With Anzac Day to-morrow, the Secret Session, and Shakespeare week, we look like having a busy time ahead of us. And, apropos Shakespeare week, I hear from America that Sir Herbert Tree is going "to do his bit" in honour of the great poet. Sir Herbert is appearing to-night at the new Amsterdam Theatre, New York, in four Shakespearian rôles.

## The New Member for "Punch."

In a lift at the House of Commons the other afternoon I found myself ascending with Mr. Algernon Locker, one of the most modest and retiring journalists in London. Mr. Locker is acting as assistant editor of *Punch*, and is also contributing "The Essence of Parliament" to that famous paper, the feature with which Sir Henry Lucy was so long associated.



Mr. Algernon Locker.

## A Busy Scribe.

Sir Henry's successor, a distinguished-looking man of fine physique, is, in stature, a striking contrast to "Toby, M.P.," who shared with Mr. Pat O'Brien, Mr. Jeremiah MacVeagh and Mr. George Roberts the distinction of being one of the smallest men at Westminster. Mr. Locker has had a long and notable career on the London Press. To-day he is one of the busiest men in Fleet-street.

## Fighting R.As.

While everybody else was taking an Easter rest—including even politicians, contrary to their anticipations earlier on—there was much hustle and bustle in the art world. As letters to the Chancellor and questions in the House did not seem to do anything, it was decided all at once by some great R.As. busy at the Academy to send a mammoth protest to the Government against taxing the shillings we pay to go into art exhibitions.

## How They Write.

Thick as hail came the signatures of mighty sculptors and painters—and you should have seen some of the writing shown to me. However clever an art copyist of the future, he will never be able to imitate some of these signatures! The easiest to read were those that came by telegram.

## Mr. David Murray—His Scroll.

Among the more legible ones I saw yesterday was the really picturesque signature of Mr. David Murray, R.A. It is a work of art itself, with its long scroll-like "tails." The veteran Mr. Marcus Stone's signature, I thought, was a little shaky, and the firmest and most business-like of them all was that of Mr. Henry S. Tulke, R.A.

## A Soldier's Wife and a Soldier's Daughter.

It is curious to notice how many of our great soldiers' wives were soldiers' daughters. A friend gave me a list of over a dozen yesterday. Among them was Lady Birdwood, wife of that most popular general who is the idol of the *Adams* these days we celebrate to-morrow.



Lady Birdwood.

brate to-morrow. Lady Birdwood is the daughter of that veteran soldier Sir Benjamin Bromhead, who saw service in the East for nearly fifty years.

## Knew Them All.

General Birdwood is only fifty-one years old, with a great record of service behind him and, as anyone in the Army will tell you, a greater career ahead. Men who served under him in Gallipoli tell me that he is the most democratic general in the Service. That was how he first won the hearts of the Anzacs; to hear their stories you would believe that he knew every one of them by their nicknames.

## A Fine Beginning.

Isn't the beginning of "The Black Sheep" on page 9 an excellent one? It is, as a matter of fact, the best romance Miss Ruby M. Ayres has ever written. Nora Ackroyd and George Laxton are two very different types of character, but Miss Ayres has very cleverly brought out a mutual sympathy between such dissimilar people.

## A Writer's Ambition.

It is a more dramatic story than most of Miss Ayres' are. One day she is going to write a story with every kind of horror and sensation in it. This is to relieve her feelings. "I have had to restrain my writing for so long," she said to me, "on account of the whims and fads of editors, that I shall write for my own satisfaction the most hair-raising and sensationally-dramatic story I can evolve."

## Which Call?

In one of the camps of the new army a slight fire broke out in a hut occupied by officers the other day. Out rushed the orderly, and, encountering a bugler, told him to blow the call quickly. "What call?" asked the perplexed youth. "Oh, well, you know—the—Cease fire, I suppose! but look slippy," was the reply.

## The Labour Conference.

I hear that Wednesday's Labour Conference is going to be a very important affair, and I shan't be surprised if it's attended by one or two very well-known figures to whom attendance at Labour gatherings is a rare event.

THE RAMBLER.

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"Black Sheep"

By  
RUBY M. AYRES.

TURN TO OUR NEW SERIAL ON PAGE 9

# The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

A Fine and Vivid  
Piece of Fiction.

## WAITED ON MINISTERS.



Mr. J. Bullock, a Press Gallery messenger, and his bride (Miss Katherine Crisp), who is retiring after twenty-six years as a waitress at the House of Commons. She waited on Mr. Gladstone and many famous men.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

## FLYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.



Johny Rosner.



Jimmy Wilde.

Wilde (Great Britain) and Rosner (America), the two fly-weight champions, will meet to-day at Liverpool for the world's title.

## VERDUN PRISONERS READILY ANSWER QUESTIONS.



Officer of the French Intelligence Department interrogating Germans just captured whilst on the march to Clon for transference to the prisoners' camp. It is an official photograph, and was taken on April 15.

## BIG WHARF FIRE IN LONDON.



Four firemen were injured and much valuable property damaged during a fire which broke out at a wharf at Rotherhithe.

## THE LONDON OPERA HOUSE REOPENS.



Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss in "Broadway Jones," which, in addition to a revue, will be given at the London Opera House to-day.—(Foulsham and Banfield.)

## "THE BLACK SHEEP."



Miss Ruby M. Ayres, whose splendid story, "The Black Sheep," begins in this issue. It is a real human comedy.

## BOTH D.C.M. AND BAR.



Sergeant H. Wareham, who won his D.C.M. for bravery in France and the bar for good work in Egypt.

## THE HOLIDAY AT THE ZOO.



The babies were not a bit frightened of the great Zoo elephant, which was seeking what it might devour. Buns were preferred.